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ANECDOTES OF THE REBELLION.

A Collection of Humorous, Pathetic and Thrilling Narratives of Actual Experiences During the War, Embracing Reminiscences of Bivouac and Battlefield, March and Picket, Thrilling Adventures of Scouts and Spies, Stories of Prison Life, Stories of the Great Generals, Stories of Mr. Lincoln, Etc.

In Southern Prisons.—William H. D. Green, of the 141st Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, was captured September 15, 1863, and remained a prisoner of the rebels until the close of the war. His varied experiences are narrated by himself as follows:

"On the night General Meade broke camp I took the train to Fox's Ford, on the Rappahannock. The next morning Quartermaster Tallman ordered me back to Sulphur Springs to bring on some condemned stock that had been left there the night before. When I got there the picket line had been cut and the stock scattered. I had been busy all day until just at night. Had picked up seventeen, and started to Warrenton Junction to turn them over to the proper authorities. When I got to Fayetteville, about half way between Warrenton and Warrenton Junction, night came on, and as we supposed we were within our own lines we halted, tied our stock in a little piece of woods and encamped for the night; and that night, September 15, 1863, we were captured by a party of Moseby's men, under command of Lieutenant Smith.

"We were immediately marched back through Warrenton, over Flint Hill, and for four days got nothing to eat but a plate of cabbage and a piece of corn bread. September 20, we reached Orange Court House, where we were placed in the common jail for two nights and the intervening day. From there we were sent to Richmond, where we were examined and everything we had taken from us, and then were put into an old tobacco warehouse, known as 'Libby Prison.'

"We staid there about six weeks. A difficulty having arisen between the prisoners, the New York conscripts and the regular soldiers, the latter were sent to Belle Island, where we remained until February, 1864. Here we suffered terribly from the cold. Ice froze twelve inches thick on the James River. The inhabitants said they had never seen such severe

weather there before. Some froze to death, others froze their limbs and died from the effects of amputation.

"It was rumored that there were cases of small-pox in the prison, and the Confederate authorities issued an order that none should have rations except those who would allow themselves to be vaccinated. In a short time hundreds were dying from the effects of sore arms—the disease extending to the entire body and attended with great pain, proved fatal in a majority of cases. Matthew Howe (Company E, captured October, 1863), Elisha W. Parks (corporal in Company D, captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863) and myself, as soon as we were vaccinated, stepped out of sight, scratched all the virus off our arms, causing the wound to bleed freely; consequently we suffered but little inconvenience on that account, but did suffer severely from the cold and short rations. Through the Sanitary Commission several bales of clothing and blankets were sent to the prison for the use of prisoners, but the enemy kept the most of them.

"Some of the Confederate officers had dogs which used to come into our camp. At one time when rations were short we killed three of these dogs, buried their heads and skins, and ate the meat with a relish, and looked for more dogs.

"About the 18th or 20th of February we were told we were about to be exchanged, taken out of prison and put in box cars and started, as we supposed, toward the Federal lines; but, alas! instead of that we were taken to Andersonville, where we arrived about the 1st of March, and remained until the 8th of September.

"During our stay here we were literally starved. The only shelters we had were holes dug into the ground and covered with sticks. The camp was very filthy and the prisoners died at the rate of from forty to seventy-five per day. The long-continued confinement and the want of vegetable diet brought

an scurvy. In many instances men lost all of their teeth, and gangrene following ate the flesh off their bones. Men were to be seen in whom the entire jawbone back to the ear would thus be exposed before death came to the relief of the sufferer.

"Among the conscripts from New York, drafted at the time of the riots, were a number of desperate characters who allowed themselves to be captured by the enemy at the first opportunity, and some of them were sent to Andersonville. They would steal the rations of their fellow prisoners, and in some cases men were found murdered and stripped of everything they had. Six of these desperadoes were arrested, and tried by a jury of thirty-six men, and formally convicted. The proceedings were sent to the President of the United States, who indorsed the action and approved the verdict of the jury, and the men were hanged the 11th of July, 1864.

"We were kept at Andersonville until the 8th of September, when we were sent to Savannah, where we remained for about a month and then were placed in a stockade about half-way between Savannah and Macon, known as the Millen prison. The inclosure contained about forty acres. About December 1st Sherman drove us out of it, and the same night we were taken out, his men burned the stockade. The next morning we were sent back to Savannah and up the Gulf Railroad, and camped in the woods at various places in Thomas County, but were returned to Andersonville in time to take our Christmas dinner on a very scanty allowance of boiled rice.

"A soldier by the name of Walker had been left sick at Andersonville, got better, and was allowed to go out on his parole not to escape until properly exchanged. He had some little chance to obtain cornmeal, which he used to smuggle into the prison for us, so that we had a little more to eat for the rest of the time we remained there.

"On the 17th of April, 1865, we were taken out for exchange. We were sent by cars to Albany, Georgia, then marched through Thomas County into Florida, turned loose and told to go to Jacksonville, where we arrived April 29, 1865. When about seven miles from Jacksonville, we were met by a squad of our own men with a full supply of bread and coffee, and a reasonable amount of 'commissary.' It is needless to say that we ate with a relish. When we reached camp we had a hard struggle to keep from eating too much. Many of our men were made sick, and some died from over-eating.

"I was almost blind, and went to the surgeon in charge of the Government post there and told him my story. He inquired as to my usual weight; I told him two hundred pounds. He directed me to be weighed and my weight was one hundred and nineteen pounds. He said I was very much reduced in flesh, and the cause of my partial blindness was weakness of the optic nerve produced by poverty of food and ordered me to drink a pint of fresh beef's blood each day. This I did and my sight began to improve.

"We remained at Jacksonville until the 1st of June, when we were put on shipboard for Annapolis, Maryland. After remaining there a few days we were sent to Harrisburg, where we received our discharge, dated June 10, 1865, with three months' extra pay, and were sent home, satisfied that the war was not a failure; that if the Confederacy were not good feeders, nevertheless this was a great and a glorious Union."

The Thrilling Story of a Union Spy.—"Can it be possible that this is Colonel Travers?" exclaimed a middle-aged man to a somewhat older gentleman who was seated before an open fireplace in the office of one of the principal hotels in Portland, Maine. The pensive attitude of the gentleman addressed suddenly gave way to a hearty and enthusiastic welcome, as the younger man made himself known as Captain Blake, formerly of the —th Regiment, Maine Volunteers.

The writer, seeing the impulsive greeting on the part of each, concluded at once from their military titles that they had been in the service, and at some time in the past had been more than ordinary friends. Hearing Captain Blake express after a few

minutes of general conversation great regret at being obliged to leave on account of an engagement and at the same time making an appointment to meet his friend an hour later at the same place to talk over old times, the writer concluded an excellent opportunity was at hand to hear a good story, and, determining not to miss being an auditor if he could help it, took up a paper and waited patiently within a convenient corner, which partially hid him from the colonel's sight, until the captain's return.

Ten minutes after the appointed hour Captain Blake came in, his face aglow with hasty exercise, and, joining his newly-found friend by the fireside, they commenced their conversation. After the captain had told how he passed through the contest without a scratch, and since the war had been successfully farming in the suburbs of Portland, Colonel Travers gave a remarkable history in the following words:

"I have learned since I came North several weeks ago that it has always been the impression among the military circles here that I was hung as a spy or shot dead while trying to run the lines. That report was even made officially, but my presence here ought to be enough to discredit it. But when I look back over the past and think of the months I passed at Castle Thunder, it seems like a horrible dream, to which, for a second experience, death would be vastly preferable. But as you do not know the way I happened to get caught, I will begin my story back when we last met, two weeks before the second 'Bull Run.'

"After that fight had been ended, you will recollect that many new recruits were hurried into the field, especially after it was learned that Lee had crossed into Maryland. The day of the battle of Antietam, fearing the new men might not be relied upon to fill a critical position, my command was posted on the line near the river bank, and I was thus able to get from all sides the best kind of an idea the way the fight was going. At the close of the first day, believing the Confederates to be pretty well broken up, and being strongly impressed with the idea that they would not give another battle in the position they then were, I offered to go across the river and secure, if possible, their future plans, knowing it was vitally important that we should learn something of their movements and exact location, before changing the posts we then occupied. The general willingly assented to my proposition, but, in doing so, hinted that it was an almost impossible job, which, if lost, would probably cost me my life, but if gained would place us in a position to strike another effectual blow.

"After shaking hands with my brother officers, I bade good-by to General McClellan and his staff, and went rapidly to work preparing for the expedition. Dressing myself in a suit of heavy gray clothes, which was made up in the popular Southern style of tailoring, I left camp a little after midnight in company with one of the most successful scouts in the service, whose name was Parsons. Passing silently down through the camp, we quickly left the picket posts in the rear and in a minute more were standing on the river's bank, hidden from sight by a clump of bushes. Taking a general view of our whereabouts, we started, crawling on our hands and knees, to find a dug-out, which I had ordered to be placed in the afternoon near the bushes we were then in. Being unable to find it anywhere, Parsons said the only way left to us to get across dry-shod was to go down the stream two miles or so, where there was a ferry, and possibly we might get a boat of some kind.

"Taking a short cut through the woods, we soon reached the designated spot, but no boat was to be found. Seeing, however, the ferryboat moored to the opposite bank, I concluded at once what I would do, and in spite of Parsons' remonstrances and his assertion that signaling the scow would bring the rebels down on us in force, I determined to adopt a new plan, and stepping out on the bank gave three or four shrill whistles, which brought back an answer, 'Who's there?' Knowing the ferryman to be a rebel at heart, but professedly a patriot, I answered in a low but clear voice, giving the name of a well-known Confederate scout. A moment after I saw in the moonlight, which clearly defined the other shore, the ferryman

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let go his moorings, and in a few moments more the clumsy old scow was stemming her way across the stream and soon reached the bank at our feet.

"Having instructed Parsons in the game I was to play, I told him I would act as the general spokesman on the trip. As we were crossing to the other bank, I secured considerable knowledge of the rebels' line of defense from the boatman, who was quite communicative. The most important thing I learned was just what I had all the time expected, namely, that the opposite river bank was comparatively free from any large force of troops, Lee's command being posted several miles inland, while the only force within a distance of four miles was a squad of about 200 cavalry, who were patrolling the river bank for several miles on the lookout for spies and contrabands. He also told us that the headquarters of this detachment were a mile up the river. Not wishing to ask questions that would excite his suspicions, I turned the conversation to other subjects.

"On arriving at the ferry-house, I recollect that I looked at my watch and saw it was just 1 o'clock. An hour from camp, and two more before us in which to accomplish our design and get back to the stream. Hardly had we begun to pick our way through the dense undergrowth, revolver in hand, when Parsons, who was leading the van, heard the twigs snap in front of him, and, suddenly raising his weapon, brought it in line with a man's head. After a moment, during which time neither party made a motion, we heard a subdued voice whisper: 'Don't shoot, massa. Dis nigger giv up quick.' The anxiety of the black's speech told us that the pistol had been appreciated, and, with a half-suppressed chuckle, the scout lowered his pistol, and in a tone of authority began to question the man before him. Finding he could not, without force, elicit any information from him in that guise, I walked up, and, placing my hand on his shoulder, told him in a whisper who we were. The fellow immediately brightened up on learning that we were Yankees, and told us substantially the same story as had the boatman concerning the rebels' whereabouts.

"The negro being unable to direct us exactly to the location of the plantation, I concluded that we had now better separate, after arranging with Parsons where we would meet to recross the river in case we got through all right. I advised him to take a path which ran at right angles with a little lane, which I saw leading through the woods, thinking that if one did not lead to the house the other might. I then wished him good luck, and instructing him as to what information I wanted, started off alone over the other path, telling the negro he had better wait where he was until we returned. I had informed the scout, previous to starting, that if he had reasons to believe I was captured, to at once put for the river, and cross if he could to General McClellan with whatever information he might have secured. My walk down that lane was not as pleasant as it might have been, I assure you, and I was fully thirty minutes going about a mile.

"Suddenly I noticed that smoke was perceptible in the air, and in a moment more I came across the smoldering ruins of a camp-fire in the midst of a thick grove. Pursuing my way with care, I suddenly emerged from the grove and found myself on a closely-cut lawn to the right of a large, square, planter's mansion. The windows, unilluminated by any interior light, glistened like silvery mirrors in the moonlight. I was quite surprised at first to run across my intended destination in such an unexpected quarter, but quickly gathering my faculties, I determined to get close up to the house on the left side, which was shaded completely from the moon, and there get as good an idea of the situation as possible, and then wait, like Micawber, for something to turn up. While accomplishing this I learned that there were only two sentries posted, one in the direct front of the house, the other far in the rear by the stables. Until I gained the desired shade I thought that the house was all asleep, but looking cautiously in a window, I saw through an open doorway in a further room a cavalry officer seated at a desk writing on what, from the distance, appeared

to be an official report.

"Scarcely had I gazed on the scene a moment, when I heard the stillness of the night broken by the crack of a rifle in the distance, which was followed by a Southern yell for help. In a moment I was flat in the bushes, with a fiercely-beating heart and a strong belief that Parsons had got himself into trouble. Directly my fears were more than realized, as far as the trouble was concerned, for in another moment a second shout was heard, followed by the reports of several carbines, which created a general consternation in the house. The whole place was immediately swarming with soldiers. Just then I heard the colonel, whom I had seen writing, give the order, 'Every man out of this house and see what those shots mean.' Immediately the bugler sounded the 'to horse.'

"In leaving, the officer commanding ordered the two guards on duty 'to keep their posts and have an eye peeled for strangers,' and in less than two minutes more the last sound of the horses' feet had died away in the distance. Then, drawing a breath of relief, I arose and looked into the window and saw the papers lying just where the colonel had last placed them, he having in his hasty departure forgotten to put them away. I was just preparing to enter the window to get them when I saw the guard who had been stationed in the front enter the room. Going to the closet he took out a pocket flask, from which he drank deeply. Knowing every moment was precious, I abandoned my first plan of entering, and, running lightly around the house, passed through the front door. Advancing with a heavy cane in my hand, which I had picked up in the hall, I came face to face with the guard. Surprised at seeing me, he hesitated a moment, thinking I was an officer and had discovered his theft. Before he had time to utter a word, I brought the cane down on his head and he keeled over like a log.

"Hastily grasping some provisions and doing the papers up in a roll, I left the house, starting to return the way I came. I had not proceeded far, however, when I ran directly into a squad of four of the returning men. Knowing my case would be, as a spy, hopeless, if taken, I determined to sell out as dearly as possible, and therefore fired two shots from my revolvers, which I carried in my hands. Without waiting to see the result, I dashed into the dense undergrowth and started in a direction directly opposite to the one I had been previously pursuing, and over land where horsemen could not follow. Keeping up a steady run for half an hour, I left the remaining pursuers far behind. After going nearly ten miles further without knowing where I was, I concluded I would change the direction. After walking for half a mile or so in the bed of a small stream to elude the Confederates, should they put the dogs after me, I stopped before a rude hut standing by itself in the middle of a grove of maples, it being a cabin that was used only in sap times. Exhausted in body and mind, I threw myself on its rude floor of pine boughs and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of the pleasures I had not found while awake.

"How long I remained there I do not know, but when I arose the sun was shining brightly. Knowing the impossibility of an escape under the circumstances, I read the papers I had secured, making mental notes as I went along, and when done set them on fire and consumed the whole. Being nearly starved, I was obliged to seek some food, and after scraping my wits together, I determined to fix up as much as possible and look for some negro cabins. The inmates I knew would be willing to help a blue-coat across the lines, and it was absolutely necessary that the general should at once know what I had learned while on my hunt. I was suddenly brought to a standstill by the command, 'Halt!' and before I knew what had happened, I was on my way to a Confederate commander's headquarters to explain, if I could, why I was found so far from a town in so peculiar a condition.

"The story I told seemed to entirely satisfy the lieutenant commanding, but he said that orders were very strict, and that he should have to send me to Richmond, where I would be

tried as a spy, and if convicted, hung, but if proved all right, safely returned to my home, which I said was in Baltimore. With this knowledge of my future career I was put under guard, but was well fed and permitted to go to sleep. At an early hour the next morning I was put in the hands of a detachment of military police, and with several others commenced the march to Richmond. Down the Shenandoah Valley we went, passing through land once smiling with plenty, but now, through the effects of the campaign, barren and as deserted as a beggar's pocket. After a long, tiresome march, we came in sight of the rebel stronghold, and as we passed up the streets, which were filled with men and women shouting at us and hurling the bitterest kind of execration on our heads, I felt an involuntary shudder pass over me. I then recognized for the first time the real danger I was in, being among the Union spies who were sent down for nominal trial, but really for execution. Fortunately for me, when we had left the commander's headquarters, the lieutenant, impressed with my asserted innocence, wrote a note to that effect to General Winder, into whose office I was then being ushered. On entering to write down the names of his prisoners, the officer in charge of us handed the note referred to to the general's clerks, the former being out for the day. Being in a great hurry, the letter was hastily perused and the clerk, turning to the prison guard, said that he guessed I was not a spy, but a pretty good candidate for Castle Thunder, and thereupon he tore up the letter and the written charges against me and I was sent to prison, but, by God's providence, not to the hangman's noose. Castle Thunder, which was a perfect 'hell on earth,' was now my home, and there I staid for weeks, starving in body and mind, until finally, after seven months' imprisonment, a successful tunneling expedition was entered upon and a dozen or more escaped, I among the number, but then a mere shadow of my former self.

"It would be too long a story for me to enter into the details of that dreadful flight. Tracked by bloodhounds, we were sometimes almost brought to bay, but a merciful hand seemed to protect us, and finally three of the twelve who escaped successfully eluded their pursuers. After traveling through the mountainous district of West Virginia for some weeks, we three then separated, for our commands were at different points, and hardly had I been left alone a day when I was again taken prisoner, but played off I was a Confederate, and to escape imprisonment finally joined the army, but, as you might know, in name only. After a while I got my reputation safely established, and one night successfully ran the picket-guard and brought up for the first time for nearly a year under the Stars and Stripes. I tell you it was a happy day for me.

"When the war finally ended I brought up in Galveston, Tex. Getting a start on the frontier as herdsman, a few weeks later, I went to the far Southwest, and as I grew into better circumstances established a ranch of my own. This I sold five years ago, and since that time have been located in Richmond, Va. As I did not know where any of my old army friends might be, and having no relatives here, I never wanted to come North until two or three months ago, when, spurred on by a sudden desire, I went to New York, and from there to Boston, and finally have brought up here in Portland, just twenty-three years after we started out, with buoyant hearts and brave determination."

The Confederate Grave Under the Roses.—The following touching incident is related by Mr. George F. Williams, in his "Bullet and Shell." (New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert):

"Late in the afternoon of the first day of July we reached the picturesque town of Hanover. Near the cross-roads were lying the bloated carcasses of half a dozen cavalry horses, evidently slain in a brief skirmish between Pleasonton's and Stuart's troops, a few hours before our arrival.

"Close to the road, near the scene of the cavalry fight, stood a farmhouse, at the gate of which was an old-fashioned pump

and horse-trough. The pump-handle was in constant motion, as the weary, foot-sore soldiers flocked around it to quench their thirst with the delicious water that flowed into the mossy trough.

"Coming up and waiting for my turn to drink, I noticed a sunburnt, gray-haired man leaning over his rude gate, watching the troops. He was dressed in a faded, well-worn suit of homespun, having, no doubt, spent the day in the hay-field; and I could see that he was pleased that his pump was doing such good service.

"'Good evening, sir,' said I to him, removing my cap, and mopping the perspiration from my face. 'It's rather hot weather, this, for marching?'

"'I 'spose 'tis, though I never did any marching,' was his brief response.

"As the old farmer uttered the words he moved a little, and my eye was attracted by a new-made grave among a clump of rose bushes, just inside the fence. Wondering at the sight, I ventured to ask the reason for its being there.

"'Whose grave is that?' said I, pointing to the mound of fresh earth.

"'A reb's,' he replied laconically. 'One that got killed in a fight the horsemen had here to-day.'

"'Indeed! and so you buried him?'

"'Yes; buried him myself. They left him lyin' in the road out thar, just as he fell. I could do no less, you know.'

"'Of course! But why did you make your rose-garden a graveyard?'

"'Wa-al, it was the wimmen that wanted it so. Yer see, stranger,' and the old man's voice trembled and grew husky—'yer see, I had a boy once. He went out with the Pennsylvania Reserves, and fou't along with McClellan, down thar among them Chicka-omingswamps. And one day a letter come. It was writ by a woman; and she told us as how a battle had been fou't near her house, while she and another woman lay hid all day in the cellar. When the battle was o'er, them wimmen came out, and found our Johnny thar, his hair all bloody and tangled in the grass. So they digged a grave in the soft earth of their garden, and buried my boy right amongst their flowers, for the sake of the mother who would never see him again. So when I saw that poor reb a-layin' out thar, all dead and bloody in the dust of the road, I sed I'd bury him. And the gals, they sed, 'Yes, father, bury him among the rose-trees.' That's why I did it, stranger.'

"Then the poor old father's voice was choked by a smothered sob, while a faint cry behind him betrayed the presence of a sister to the dead hero lying in his garden grave near Richmond.

"'Indeed, sir,' said I, feeling my own throat tighten over the sweet pathos of the little story, 'I can appreciate the love you bear your dead son. It must be some consolation to remember what you have done for the man whose body lies there under the bushes.'

"'Yes, stranger; that 'ere grave ain't much,'—and the old man turned to look at the rude mound his hands had made—'it ain't much, but it will be something to remember our Johnny by.'

"Bidding the farmer good-by, I hastened after the regiment, my eyes dimmed with tears, but my spirits strangely strengthened by this touching instance of human love and forgiveness."

Humor of the Battlefield.—Many humorous incidents, says a writer in the *Century Magazine*, occurred on battlefields. A Confederate colonel ran ahead of his regiment at Malvern Hill, and, discovering that the men were not following him as closely as he wished, he uttered a fierce oath and exclaimed: "Come on! Do you want to live forever?" The appeal was irresistible, and many a poor fellow who had laughed at the colonel's queer exhortation laid down his life soon after.

A shell struck the wheel of a Federal fieldpiece toward the

close of the engagement at Fair Oaks, shivering the spokes and dismantling the cannon. "Well, isn't it lucky that didn't happen before we used up all our ammunition," said one of the artillerists as he crawled from beneath the gun.

When General Pope was falling back before Lee's advance in the Virginia Valley, his own soldiers thought his bulletins and orders somewhat strained in their rhetoric. At one of the numerous running engagements that marked the disastrous campaign, a private in one of the Western regiments was mortally wounded by a shell. Seeing the man's condition, a chaplain knelt beside him, and, opening his Bible at random, read out Sampson's slaughter of the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. He had not quite finished, when, as the story runs, the poor fellow interrupted the reading by saying: "Hold on, chaplain. Don't deceive a dying man. Isn't the name of John Pope signed to that?"

A column of troops was pushing forward over the long and winding road in Thoroughfare Gap to head off Lee after his retreat across the Potomac at the close of the Gettysburg campaign. Suddenly the signal officer who accompanied the general in command discovered that some of his men, posted on a high hill in the rear, were reporting the presence of a considerable body of Confederate troops on top of the bluffs to their right. A halt was at once sounded, and the leading brigade ordered forward to uncover the enemy's position. The regiments were soon scrambling up the steep incline, officers and men gallantly racing to see who could reach the crest first. A young lieutenant and some half dozen men gained the advance, but at the end of what they deemed a perilous climb they were thrown into convulsions of laughter at discovering that what the signal men took for Confederate troops were only a tolerably large flock of sheep. As the leaders in this forlorn hope rolled on the grass in a paroxysm of merriment they laughed all the louder at seeing the pale but determined faces of their comrades, who, of course, came up fully expecting a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. It is perhaps needless to say the brigade supped on mutton that evening.

As the army was crossing South Mountain the day before the battle of Antietam, General McClellan rode along the side of the moving column. Overtaking a favorite Zouave regiment, he exclaimed, with his natural *bonhomie*: "Well, and how is the Old Fifth this evening?" "First-rate, General," replied one of the Zouaves. "But we'd be better off if we weren't living so much on supposition." "Supposition?" said the General, in a puzzled tone. "What do you mean by that?" "It's easily explained, sir. You see we expected to get our rations yesterday; but as we didn't, we're living on the supposition that we did." "Ah, I understand; you shall have your rations, Zouzous, to-night," replied the General, putting spurs to his horse to escape the cheers of his regiment. And he kept his promise.

President Lincoln and the Soldiers.—The soldiers who were bearing the heat and burden of the war always held a near place in Mr. Lincoln's heart and sympathy. Upon one occasion, when he had just written a pardon for a young soldier who had been condemned by court-martial to be shot for sleeping at his post as a sentinel, Mr. Lincoln remarked:

"I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that poor young man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered at that a boy raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act." The Rev. Newman Hall, in his funeral sermon upon Mr. Lincoln, said that this young soldier was found dead on the field of Fredericksburg with Mr. Lincoln's photograph next to his heart, on which he had inscribed, "God bless President Lincoln."

At another time there were twenty-four deserters sentenced to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President to be signed. He refused, and the general of the division went to Washington to see Mr. Lincoln. At the interview he said to the President that unless these men were made

an example of, the army itself would be in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many. But Mr. Lincoln replied: "There are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it."

On another occasion a young soldier had fallen out of ranks when his regiment passed through Washington, and, getting drunk, failed to join his regiment when it left the city. To the friend who came to secure a pardon, Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground," and he wrote out the pardon.

In all such cases as the above, where the ordinary human weakness was the motive, Mr. Lincoln's heart was tender as a woman's, but to prove that he could entertain no sympathy for a cool, deliberate, mercenary crime, he was approached by the Hon. John B. Alley, of Massachusetts, one day, with a petition for the pardon of a man who had been convicted of engaging in the slave trade, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment and the payment of a fine of one thousand dollars. His term of imprisonment had expired, but in default of payment of the fine, he was still held. In answer to the appeal for pardon Mr. Lincoln said: "You know my weakness is to be, if possible, too easily moved by appeals for mercy, and if this man were guilty of the foulest murder that the arm of man could perpetrate, I might forgive him on such an appeal; but the man who would go to Africa and rob her of her children and sell them into an interminable bondage with no other motive than that which is furnished by dollars and cents, is so much worse than the most depraved murderer that he can never receive pardon at my hands. No, he may rot in jail before he shall have liberty by any act of mine."

Upon another occasion the wife of a rebel officer, held as a prisoner of war, begged for the relief of her husband, and to strengthen her appeal said that he was a very religious man. In granting the release of her husband, Mr. Lincoln said: "Tell your husband when you meet him that I am not much of a judge of religion, but that in my opinion the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government because they think that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which men can get to heaven."

One day news of a great battle in progress reached Mr. Lincoln, and his anxiety was so great that he could eat nothing. Soon after he was seen to take a Bible and retire to his room, and in a few minutes he was overheard in one of the most earnest prayers for the success of our arms. Later in the day a Union victory was announced, and Mr. Lincoln, with a beaming face, exclaimed: "Good news! good news! The victory is ours, and God is good."

An Army Newsboy's Romance.—So many acts of heartlessness and cruelty during the great civil war have been recorded that it is a real pleasure to have an opportunity to record an act of manly kindness on the part of a gallant Confederate soldier to a Yankee boy. In the town of Bennington, in the Green Mountains of Vermont, in the spring of 1861, there lived a poor woman with six children, five boys and one little girl, the youngest of the former a stripling 14 years old. When the wires flashed the news from Washington all over our land that the rebels had fired upon the old flag at Fort Sumter, the four older boys responded to the country's call and hurried to the seat of war. The younger lad, his heart fired with genuine Green Mountain patriotism, ran away from home and, eluding pursuit, made his way to the camp on the Potomac. But his ardor was somewhat dampened by the discovery of the fact that he could not, in consequence of his youth and diminutiveness, enlist as a soldier. Determined to remain at the front, and having, as the saying is, to scratch for a living, he went to selling newspapers to the soldiers. Leaving the camp between New Baltimore and Warrenton about the 10th of November, 1862, he went to Washington for a supply of papers. Having accomplished his object, the

young lad set out on horseback for the camp, having to travel a distance of thirty miles. A change of position by the army during his absence had occurred, and as a consequence he ran into the rebel picket line and was taken to General J. E. B. Stuart's headquarters, at a hotel in Warrenton, and from there sent to Libby Prison, in Richmond, arriving there November 13. Major Turner was in command of the prison, and when the young prisoner was brought into his presence, observing that he was a mere boy, the Major spoke kindly to him, and, after his name had been enrolled, asked him the customary question, if he had any money or valuables about his person. The frightened boy had managed to conceal his money, \$380, in his boots, and in answer to the question, put his hand down, and while a tear-drop glistened in his bright eye and his boyish lip quivered, he brought it forth and handed it to the rebel major, and trying hard to choke down the swelling in his throat, he told of his widowed mother at home, his four brothers in the army, his having made his money selling papers, and saving it to send with his brothers' wages to his mother. The Major folded the boy's passes around the money and said to him: "You shall have this again, my boy, when you are permitted to go from here." Six weeks afterward the lad was paroled, and, repairing to Major Turner's office, the kind officer, handing him the package of money and the passes, just as he had received them, said: "Here is your money, my boy." With trembling hands, but a joyous heart, the little fellow took the package. He was sent to Washington, and a few weeks afterward was going his old rounds selling newspapers. The boy was Doc Aubrey, the newsboy of the Iron Brigade, who now resides in Milwaukee.

Building a Bridge in Seventeen Hours.—In July, 1861, General J. D. Cox's division was chasing General Henry A. Wise's Confederate forces up the Kanawha River, in West Virginia, and to impede the rapid advance of the Union troops the bridge across Pocotaligo Creek was destroyed. The stream was only a couple of rods wide, but its banks were steep and the bed of the creek was too much of a slough to allow fording by the wagon trains and artillery. The regular army engineers wanted a few weeks' time to prepare plans, and considered it necessary to send to Cincinnati for tools and material to construct a bridge. The General, being informed that the Eleventh Ohio Infantry Regiment, then encamped at "Poco," had a company composed entirely of mechanics, sent for the captain, and, after a short conference with that officer, directed him to put his men at work. Commencing at nine o'clock in the morning, in seventeen hours a substantial "bridge" was built across the creek, and which was used by army wagons, cannons and soldiers for a long time, probably until the war closed. A raft of logs, timbers from a deserted house, and poles cut in the woods near by, were the materials used for the bridge, the tools being a few axes and augers. These practical bridge-builders were members of Company K, principally machinists, molders, etc., from the shops of Lane & Bodley, of Cincinnati, the captain being their late employer, P. P. Lane, afterward colonel of the regiment.

The Three Diamonds.—"Do you remember the diamonds we found up at old Gray Jake Wagner's house when we were making that little raid around Taylorsville?" was asked of Colonel Andrew M. Benson, of Portland, Me., by a former companion with whom he was dining at Syracuse, N. Y. The colonel at first failed to recall the circumstances, but on the mention of a certain Miss Wagner's name a relaxation of his features showed that all recollection of the episode was not lost, and the dinner party was soon in possession of the facts, as follows: In the latter part of the year 1864, Colonel Benson, the captain of the First District of Columbia cavalry, with Colonel James M. Gere, also captain at the time, Colonel Walpole, of Syracuse, and Lieutenant Correll, of Vermont, were confined in the prison pen at Columbia, S. C., and during De-

cember they escaped and made their way to Crab Orchard, on Doe River Cove. There they found a company of 83 struggling Federal soldiers. Though in the heart of the enemy's country, the members of this little band were suddenly stimulated to excessive bravery by thus meeting with their fellows, and conceived it would be a fine joke to make a little raid on Taylorsville, a village nearly 50 miles further north. The daring of the scheme appeared when, upon examination, it was found that 30 of the men had just one round of ammunition, while 31 had only one extra charge. Six, however, were mounted, and, at the head of this plucky detachment of cavalry Captain Benson was placed. Captain Gere led the infantry, and the whole squad was in command of Lieutenant James Hartley. Such was the make-up of the band that started out with more pluck than powder to capture Taylorsville. About 40 miles of the distance had been covered when the plantation of a rebel was reached who was notorious in all the country round. A halt was ordered to treat with the owner, Gray Jake Wagner, who was at that time just walking out to feed his hogs.

"Oh, take what you want; but only spare my life," cried Gray Jake Wagner, throwing up his hands like a flash and dropping his pail of swill as a bullet whistled past his ear, advising him of his distinguished visitors.

"We want," said Captain Benson, "whatever you have of use to us." And it took but a glance to tell the astonished planter that nothing could come amiss to that ragged company so lately escaped from the horrors of a rebel prison. Now, among other members of the Wagner family was a pretty daughter of the old rebel, aged eighteen, who had just returned from boarding-school to spend the holidays. After listening to the conversation with her father, and catching a glimpse of the visitors, she ran frightened to her own room. The troops swarmed about the place like bees and rushed into the house at every door. Several soldiers soon found their way even to the room of the scared young lady and demanded the immediate surrender of her revolver and ammunition.

"I have no revolver," cried the frightened girl.

"You have," yelled one of the soldiers with an oath, "and you will give it up." But at just this juncture the tall form of Captain Benson, who was then a dashing officer of 28, appeared, and he took in the situation at a glance. Drawing his revolver, he threatened to drop the first man who touched a thing in that room or failed to leave without a word. The men withdrew in silence, while the frightened Miss Wagner, with tears and sobs, expressed her heartfelt thanks to her gallant protector.

"What did you find in the house?" asked Captain Benson of the infantry officer, as they left the place. "I found these diamonds," he quietly added, pointing to three glistening tear-drops on his shoulder. The raid did not extend very far beyond Gray Jake Wagner's. Taylorsville, they learned, was full of rebel soldiers, and the little party barely managed to reach the Union lines.

Miss Wagner obtained in some way the address of her benefactor, and afterward, by letter, it is said, she sent her thanks, which she could only partially express in the excitement of their meeting.

Night on the Field of Fredericksburg.—Twenty-two years have passed, writes General Chamberlain, of Maine, since "Fredericksburg." Of what then was, not much is left but memory. Faces and forms of men and things that then were have changed—perchance to dust. New life has covered some; the rest look but lingering farewells.

But, whatever changes may beautify those storm-swept and barren slopes, there is one character from which they can never pass. Death gardens, haunted by glorious hosts, they must abide. No bloom can there unfold which does not wear the rich token of the inheritance of heroic blood; no breeze be wafted that does not bear the breath of the immortal life there breathed away.

Of all that splendid but unavailing valor no one has told the

ANECDOTES OF THE REBELLION.

story; nor can I. The pen has no wing to follow where that sacrifice and devotion sped their flight. But memory may rest down on some night scenes too quiet and sombre with shadow to be vividly depicted, and yet which have their interest from very contrast with the tangled and lurid lights of battle.

The desperate charge was over. We had not reached the enemy's fortifications, but only that fatal crest where we had seen five lines of battle mount but to be cut to earth as by a sword-swoop of fire. We had that costly honor which sometimes falls to the "reserve"—to go in when all is havoc and confusion, through storm and slaughter, to cover the broken and depleted ranks of comrades and take the battle from their hands. Thus we had replaced the gallant few still lingering on the crest, and received that withering fire which nothing could withstand by throwing ourselves flat in a slight hollow of ground within pistol shot of the enemy's works, and, mingled with the dead and dying that strewed the field, we returned the fire till it reddened into night, and at last fell away through darkness and silence.

But out of that silence from the battle's crash and roar rose new sounds more appalling still; rose or fell, you knew not which, or whether from the earth or air; a strange ventriloquism, of which you could not locate the source, a smothered moan that seemed to come from distances beyond reach of the natural sense, a wail so far and deep and wide, as if a thousand discords were flowing together into a keynote weird, unearthly, terrible to hear and bear, yet startling in its nearness; the writhing concord broken by cries for help, pierced by shrieks of paroxysm; some begging for a drop of water, some calling on God for pity; and some on friendly hands to finish what the enemy had so horribly begun; some with delirious, dreamy voices murmuring loved names, as if the dearest were bending over them; some gathering their last strength to fire a musket to call attention to them where they lay helpless and deserted; and underneath, all the time, the deep bass note from closed lips too hopeless or too heroic to articulate their agony.

Who could sleep, or who would? Our position was isolated and exposed. Officers must be on the alert with their command. But the human took the mastery of the official; sympathy of soldiership. Command could be devolved, but pity not. So with a staff officer I sallied forth to see what we could do where the helpers seemed so few. Taking some observations in order not to lose the bearing of our own position, we guided our steps by the most piteous of the cries. Our part was but little—to relieve a painful posture, to give a cooling draught to fevered lips, to compress a severed artery, as we had learned to do, though in bungling fashion; to apply a rude bandage, which might yet prolong the life to saving; to take a token or farewell message for some stricken home—it was but little, yet it was an endless task. We had moved to the right and rear of our own position—the part of the field immediately above the city. The farther we went the more need and the calls multiplied.

Numbers half-awakening from the lethargy of death or of despair by sounds of succor, begged us to take them quickly to a surgeon, and, when we could not do that, imploring us to do the next most merciful service and give them quick dispatch out of their misery. Right glad were we when, after midnight, the shadowy ambulances came gliding along and the kindly hospital stewards, with stretchers and soothing appliances, let us feel that we might return to our proper duty.

The night chill had now woven a misty veil over the field. Fortunately, a picket fence we had encountered in our charge from the town had compelled us to abandon our horses, and so had saved our lives on the crest; but our overcoats had been strapped to the saddles, and we missed them now. Most of the men, however, had their overcoats or blankets—we were glad of that. Except the few sentries along the front, the men had fallen asleep—the living with the dead. At last, outwearied and depressed with the desolate scene, my own strength sank, and I moved two dead men a little and lay down between them, making a pillow of the breast of a third. The skirt of his over-

coat drawn over my face helped also to shield me from the bleak winds. There was some comfort even in this companionship. But it was broken sleep. The deepening chill drove many forth to take the garments of those who could no longer need them, that they might keep themselves alive. More than once I was startled from my unrest by some one turning back the coat skirt from my face, peering, half vampire-like, to my fancy, through the darkness to discover if it, too, were of the silent and unresisting; turning away more disconcerted at my living word than if a voice had spoken from the dead.

And now we are aware of other figures wandering, ghost-like, over the field. Some on errands like our own, drawn by compelling appeals; some seeking a comrade with uncertain steps amid the unknown, and ever and anon bending down to scan the pale visage closer, or, it may be, by the light of a brief match, whose blue, flickering flame could scarcely give the features a more recognizable or human look; some man desperately wounded, yet seeking with faltering step, before his fast ebbing blood shall have left him too weak to move, some quiet or sheltered spot out of sound of the terrible appeals he could neither answer nor endure, or out of reach of the raging battle coming with the morning; one creeping, yet scarcely moving, from one lifeless form to another, if, perchance, he might find a swallow of water in the canteen which still swung from the dead soldier's side; or another, as with just returning or last remaining consciousness, vainly striving to rise from a mangled heap, that he may not be buried with them while yet alive, or some man yet sound of body, but pacing feverishly his ground because in such a bivouac his spirit could not sleep. And so we picked our way back amid the stark, upturned faces of our little living line.

Having held our places all the night, we had to keep to them all the more closely the next day; for it would be certain death to attempt to move away. As it was, it was only by making breastworks and barricades of the dead men that covered the field that we saved any alive. We did what we could to take a record of these men. A Testament that had fallen from the breast pocket of the soldier who had been my pillow I sent soon after to his home—he was not of my command—and it proved to be the only clew his parents ever had of his fate.

The next midnight, after thirty-six hours of this harrowing work, we were bidden to withdraw into the town for refreshment and rest. But neither rest nor motion was to be thought of till we had paid fitting honor to our dead. We laid them on the spot where they had won, on the sheltered edge of the crest, and committed their noble forms to the earth, and their story to their country's keeping.

"We buried them darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning."

Splinters of boards, torn by shot and shell from the fences we had crossed, served as headstones, each name hurriedly carved under brief match lights, anxiously hidden from the foe. It was a strange scene around that silent and shadowy sepulchre. "We will give them a starlight burial," it was said; but heaven ordained a more sublime illumination. As we bore them in dark and sad procession, their own loved north took up the escort, and, lifting all her glorious lights, led the triumphal march over the bridge that spans the worlds—an aurora borealis of marvelous majesty! Fiery lances and banners of blood and flame, columns of pearly light, garlands and wreaths of gold, all pointing upward and beckoning on. Who would not pass on as they did, dead for their country's life, and lighted to burial by the meteor splendors of their native sky?

The Colonel's Foraged Breakfast.—Colonel Johnson, commanding the 108th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, during the late war, up to the time he fairly earned and secured his "single star," was a strict disciplinarian. Straggling and foraging were especially tabooed by him; certain and severe was the punishment of the culprit who was caught away from

his command without authority, and if any foraged provisions were found on the scoundrel they were at once confiscated. As it was not practicable to return the provisions to the lawful owner, the colonel would have them served up at his own mess table, "to keep them from going to waste."

As a consequence, the colonel was cordially hated by many of his men, and many were the plans laid down by them "to get even" and circumvent him, but, owing to his astuteness, they generally came to grief.

One day a soldier of the regiment, who had the reputation of being "a first-class, single-handed forager," but who had nevertheless been repeatedly compelled to disgorge his irregularly procured supply of fresh meat, and as repeatedly to pass an interval of his valuable time in the regimental bull-pen, slipped away from camp and, after an absence of several hours, returned with a loaded haversack and tried to get to his tent without attracting any attention. He was noticed, however, and promptly arrested and escorted to regimental headquarters.

"Omar, you infernal scoundrel, you have been foraging again," said the colonel.

"No, I haven't."

"Haven't, eh! Let's see what is in your haversack. Leg o' mutton, eh! Killed some person's sheep," said the colonel. Omar was sent to the guard house as usual, and the foraged property to the colonel's cook.

The regimental mess, consisting of most of the field and staff officers, had fresh meat for supper and breakfast. During the latter meal the colonel happened to look out from under the tent fly that was in use as a mess-room, and noticed Omar, who was under guard cleaning up around headquarters, eyeing him very closely. The colonel remarked: "Well, prisoner, what is it?"

"Nothing, colonel," replied Omar, "except I was just wondering how you liked your breakfast of *fried dog*."

Consternation seized the party at the table. With an exclamation or expletive, every one of them sprang to his feet, and from under the tent fly.

Omar ran for his life, and at once, as per preconcerted agreement, over half the men in the regiment commenced barking and howling like dogs—big dogs, little dogs, hoarse and fine, bass and soprano, fortissimo and mezzo-soprano, dogs 'round the corner and dogs under the house—in short, there was the "dog"-onedest kind of a racket made until the colonel grasped his sword, and, foaming with rage, rushed for the men's tents; but they were too old to be caught.

For a long time, though, they would "regulate" the colonel if he showed signs of being excessive by barking, but at their peril, for he would certainly have killed a *barker* if discovered.

After that breakfast the regimental mess strictly abstained from eating any second-hand foraged meat.

How Custer and Young Took Dinner.—Generals Pierce Young, of Georgia, and Custer were messmates and classmates and devoted friends at West Point. In the war they were major-generals of cavalry on opposing sides. One day General Young was invited to breakfast at the Hunter mansion in Virginia. The beautiful young ladies had prepared a smoking breakfast to which the general was addressing himself with ardor when a shell burst through the house. Glancing through a window, he saw Custer charging toward the house at the head of his staff. Out of the window Young went, calling to the young ladies, "Tell Custer I leave this breakfast for him." Custer enjoyed it heartily, and looked forward with pleasure to the dinner in the distance. In the meantime, Young, smarting over the loss of his breakfast and his hasty retreat, drove the Federal line back, and by dinner time was in sight of the Hunter mansion again. Custer, who was just sitting down to dinner, laughed and said: "That's Pierce Young coming back. I knew he wouldn't leave me here in peace. Here's my pic-

ture; give it to him, and tell him his old classmate leaves his love with his excellent dinner." And out of the window he went and away like a flash, while the Georgia general walked in and sat down to dinner.

The Noble Act of a Hero.—Louis Abear, says the *Detroit Free Press*, was a private in Company H, Fifth Michigan Cavalry, and made a good soldier. At the battle of Trevillian Station he was taken prisoner, and before his release he was confined in five different prison-pens and two jails.

While he was in Millen Prison, an exchange of sixty prisoners was to be made. The officer of the day told off sixty names at the door of the pen, but for some reason, probably because he was too ill, or perhaps dead, one man did not come forth. At that moment Louis, who had been sent out after fuel, under guard of course, came through the gates pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with wood.

"Here, Louis, here's a chance for you. We want sixty men to go North and are short one. Jump into the ranks here!" exclaimed the officer.

"To be exchanged?" asked Louis, trembling more than he did when under fire.

"Yes. Be quick."

"Then take Hank. He's sick, and will die if he remains here," and Louis darted into the hospital ward. Hank had a pair of pantaloons and shoes, but no coat or hat. Louis pulled off his, put them on Hank, and brought him out, weak and tottering. As Hank filed out the gate and once more breathed the air of freedom, Louis, hatless and coatless, took hold of the handles of his wheelbarrow and started for another load of wood.

Can mortal mind conceive of such an act? It cost him seven months of a living death, and all for a man with whom he was not even intimately acquainted.

And now for the other side of the picture. Ever since the close of the war, until a few months ago, when Hank died, these two men have lived right here in Wayne County, Hank with a home and family, Louis with neither; have met occasionally, but at no time did Hank ever refer to the act in Millen Prison that set him free and saved his life; never invited him to his home; never alluded to the past, or addressed his savior other than as a mere acquaintance. On his death-bed, however, he told the story, and asked his relatives, if they ever had an opportunity, to befriend Louis for his sake. It was tardy acknowledgment of one of the noblest acts the world has ever known.

The Confederate Spy.—In "Bullet and Shell," by George F. Williams (New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert), we find the following interesting anecdote:

"I had just returned from an inspection of my line on the afternoon of the fourth day, having found everything provokingly quiet and uninteresting. The evening was deliciously cool, the breeze down the river being laden with the perfumes of the forest; and I experienced a fresh degree of pleasure in viewing the romantic scene after supper, carelessly lounging over the top of a boulder, smoking my pipe. My thoughts began drifting away again; and I had wholly forgotten my surroundings, when Dennis suddenly touched my arm, exclaiming:

"'An' what the divil was that?"

"'Confound you, corporal! what do you mean by startling me like that?" said I, angry at the unwonted interruption. "What are you staring at, you idiot?"

"'Why, I thought I saw a man down there on the other side,' he replied, not noticing my reproof, so intently was he peering across the river.

"'It seems to me, Dennis, that you are always seeing somebody or something,' I retorted sarcastically. 'Hang it, man, be quiet! I see no one; and, if I did, he cannot eat us.'

"'Troth, an' we wud be a tough mouthful. But, if ye didn't see him, Master Frank, I did. Yis; there he is now.'

"'Where?' I whispered, now thoroughly aroused.

"Why, over there by that big birch-tree. There he is, sitting down on that flat bit of rock, for all the world like a big brown toad;" and Dennis pointed excitedly toward the upper end of the bend.

"Following the direction of Dennis' finger with my eyes, I saw that he was right. A man was there, sure enough, sitting among some rocks at the river's edge, as motionless as if made himself of stone.

"It must be one of the Confederate pickets," said I; "they are beginning to show themselves again. Tell Sergeant Foster I want him."

"In a few minutes Sam was by my side.

"Sergeant, take your rifle, and pass along our line to the right. See that the men are on the lookout. There's a man down there on the opposite bank, and no doubt others above and below. Tell Sergeant Coulter to take the left and do the same."

"The two sergeants disappeared on their respective errands, while I continued to watch the stranger, Dennis and the rest of my reserve scattering among the rocks for the same purpose. There was no need to enjoin silence, for all seemed to appreciate its necessity.

"The sun had gone down, but there was sufficient light left for us to discern the man crouching among the trees. I had noticed that he had no musket; and, as I watched him, I wondered what he intended to do, for it was now evident that his presence on the river had a definite purpose. Ten or fifteen minutes passed, yet the man made no sign or movement; and I was getting somewhat impatient, when he arose to his feet, and, turning round, dragged a log of wood from under the bushes, silently launching it into the water. As he did so, I saw that he had a revolver slung around his neck.

"Begorra! he's going to cross," whispered Dennis, over my head. "Shall the b'yes give him a volley?"

"No, no! Let him come, and we will capture him. Pass the word for no one to fire."

"As I uttered the words the Confederate placed himself astride of the log and plunged boldly into the stream. It was evidently an old experience, for the fellow guided his log so adroitly that the current was carrying him straight toward our position. I saw that he intended to land among the driftwood under the rocks; so, hastily calling on three or four of the men nearest me, I crept down the bank to receive our visitor. By this time he had reached the middle of the river, coming swiftly toward us, evidently unconscious of the reception awaiting him. As he neared the pile of driftwood, the daring voyager shifted his right leg off the log and, sitting sideways, made a sudden leap for the landing. So accurately had he judged his distance that, as he abandoned the log, he was able to scramble up among the loose chips and sticks forming the *débris*, soon rising to his feet.

"Surrender, sir. You're my prisoner!" I exclaimed, as I rushed forward to seize the intruder.

"I was, however, too precipitate; for like a startled deer the Confederate turned before I could lay hands on him, and with a jeering laugh leaped lightly into the river.

"Fire!" I shouted. At the same moment, I felt the mass of dry wood give way under my feet; and I fell into the water, hearing my men's muskets ring out a spattering volley as I took my involuntary bath. The current being so rapid, I believed I must swim for my life under the shower of bullets my men were sending after the fugitive; but the next instant my outstretched hand caught a friendly branch, so I was able to draw myself up to a safe footing. Scrambling over the rocks, I saw the Confederate reach the opposite bank in safety. As he reached the shore he waved his hand derisively, and then disappeared among the trees."

Some of Lincoln's Jokes.—President Lincoln has been made responsible for so many jokes, writes Ben: Perley Poore, that he reminds one of a noted Irish wit who, having been ruined

by indorsing the notes of his friends, used to curse the day when he learned to write his name, as he had obtained such a reputation for willingness to oblige that he could not refuse. Mr. Lincoln might well have regretted ever having made a joke, for he was expected to say something funny on all occasions, and has been made answerable for all manner of jests, stories and repartee, as if he had combined all the elements of humor, commonplace heartlessness and coarseness, mingled with a passion for reviving the jokes of Joe Miller and the circus clowns. Yet he did say many excellent things. On one occasion Senator Wade came to him and said:

"I tell you, Mr. President, that unless a proposition for emancipation is adopted by the government, we will all go to the devil. At this very moment we are not over one mile from hell."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Lincoln, "as I believe that is just about the distance from here to the Capitol, where you gentlemen are in session."

On one occasion, at a reception, when the crowd of citizens and soldiers were surging through the salons of the White House, evidently controlled by the somewhat brusque Western element, a gentleman said to him:

"Mr. President, you must diminish the number of your friends, or Congress must enlarge this edifice."

"Well," promptly replied Mr. Lincoln, "I have no idea of diminishing the number of my friends; but the only question with me now is whether it will be best to have the building stretched or split."

At one of these receptions, when a paymaster in full major's uniform was introduced, he said:

"Being here, Mr. Lincoln, I thought I would call and pay my respects."

"From the complaints made by the soldiers," responded the President, "I guess that is all any of you do pay."

Ward Lamon, when Lincoln had appointed him Marshal of the District of Columbia, accidentally found himself in a street fight, and, in restoring peace, he struck one of the belligerents with his fist, a weapon with which he was notoriously familiar. The blow was a harder one than Lamon intended, for the fellow was knocked senseless, taken up unconscious, and lay for some hours on the border of life and death. Lamon was alarmed, and the next morning reported the affair to the President.

"I am astonished at you, Ward," said Mr. Lincoln; "you ought to have known better. Hereafter, when you have to hit a man, use a club and not your fist."

Why the Teamster Broke His Promise.—In Holland's "Life of Lincoln" we find the following humorous anecdote, which is said to have amused the dead President exceedingly:

General Fisk, of Missouri, began his military life as a colonel; and, when he raised his regiment in Missouri, he proposed to his men that he should do all the swearing of the regiment. They assented; and for months no instance was known of the violation of the promise. The colonel had a teamster named John Todd, who, as roads were not always the best, had some difficulty in commanding his temper and his tongue. John happened to be driving a mule-team through a series of mud-holes a little worse than usual, when, unable to restrain himself any longer, he burst forth into a volley of energetic oaths. The colonel took notice of the offense, and brought John to an account. "John," said he, "didn't you promise to let me do all the swearing of the regiment?" "Yes, I did, colonel," he replied, "but the fact was the swearing had to be done then or not at all, and you weren't there to do it."

Heroic Sergeant Plunkett.—The death of Sergeant Thomas Plunkett, the armless hero of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Volunteers, which occurred at his home in Worcester, March 10, 1885, removes one of the most noted survivors of the civil

war. In all of the many important battles in which his regiment, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, was engaged, Sergeant Plunkett distinguished himself by his gallantry. He was the hero of many incidents of individual intrepidity. After the battle of Chantilly Plunkett discovered that a favorite comrade was missing, and he started, unarmed, for the point where the regiment had first encountered the enemy, to search for his friend. He crept about cautiously for some time, when all at once he found himself facing an armed rebel. "You are my prisoner," exclaimed the Confederate. Plunkett hesitated a moment, not feeling sure as to the best course to pursue. He had no idea of surrendering, yet knew that it would be almost certain death if he attempted to run. He finally said:

"I think not," and at the same time sprang upon his enemy. Seizing him by the throat, he soon overpowered and disarmed him; then, presenting an imaginary pistol, he compelled the fellow to accompany him to our lines, where Plunkett delivered him up to General Reno.

But it was at the battle of Fredericksburg that Sergeant Plunkett performed the crowning act of heroism that gave him his fame and left him the "armless hero of Massachusetts." After repeated attempts had been made by the troops of the Second Corps to carry the enemy's works on Marye's Heights, during which regiment after regiment melted away before the fire of the strongly intrenched enemy, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, with the other regiments of Sturgis's division, was brought forward. In the charge men fell at every step, and by and by the colors went down, and with them Sergeant Collins, of Company A. Plunkett sprang forward and seized them. He then held them aloft and cried out to his comrades to follow him.

On pressed the Twenty-first, every man catching new inspiration from the conduct of the brave sergeant. The enemy redoubled their efforts, and shot and shell did frightful work among the little band of heroes. After a while, when the regiment had gained a point nearer the enemy's works than had been reached before, and while Sergeant Plunkett was waving the flag almost in the face of the foe and cheering on his comrades, a rebel shell burst beneath his feet, and the flag went down again; with it fell Plunkett.

When they tried to raise the flag again they found it lying beneath the poor fellow's body and wet with his blood. Both of his arms had been carried away by the explosion, and he had received other injuries. Soon after Sergeant Plunkett's heroic act became known to the State authorities, Adjutant-General Schouler suggested to Governor Andrew that the sergeant be commissioned. The Governor replied;

"No; it is better that he be known in history as Sergeant Plunkett."

A Confederate Scout's Story.—The following narrative is contributed to the *Philadelphia Times* by John S. Elliott, of Mobile, Ala., who during the civil war was a Confederate scout under General Wade Hampton:

"Soon after the investment of Petersburg, Va., by the Federal army under General Grant, in the summer of 1864, I was recalled from my field of operations in Northern Virginia and assigned to duty in the rear of the enemy's lines at Petersburg. I had before me quite an extensive territory, extending from the Petersburg & Weldon Railroad to the James River. It required some time to gain a knowledge of the country, its topography and people, before we could make our plans to the best advantage. Within a month the enemy had established his fortifications and had begun to scour the country outside his lines for the purpose of driving out all citizens who were unfriendly to the Union cause, and capturing and dispersing scouts and other soldiers who might venture outside the Confederate lines.

"There were several scouting parties, whose leaders were George D. Shadburn, Richard Hogan, Isaac Curtis, Ashby, Sanderson, myself and some others. We soon made it a hazardous business for the enemy to scout outside his lines with anything

less than a hundred men well mounted and armed. Fight after fight took place between us and these small parties for more than a month. We often made an ambuscade, drawing the Federals into it and making a clean capture. Disputanta Station, on the Petersburg & Norfolk Railroad, was the scene and battle-ground of some of the most persistent hand-to-hand fights. The enemy soon became more cautious and we became bolder and more daring, frequently going into the Federal lines and capturing the pickets as we came out.

"We had a telegraph operator who would cut the enemy's line and attach his wire so as to let the messages pass through his key, and in that way we got a number of important facts. These messages were being sent from the War Department in Washington City to General Grant, and from Grant and other generals to the department. One day while we were lying in the bushes listening to the clicking of our little key, a battle was going on south of Richmond, along the Nine Mile or Charles City road. Some general in command telegraphed to President Lincoln that he had stormed the enemy and captured two lines of breastworks, but the Confederates, reinforced, drove them back with heavy loss in killed and captured, and among the captured were Generals ——— and ———, whose names I have forgotten. The Federals soon found out that we were intercepting their messages, and they made it too warm for us to continue operations in that line.

"We went to work to break up scouting in neutral territory. There was an extensive district of country, interspersed with creeks, swamps and woods. The population was devoted to the cause of the South and that gave us great advantages. On one occasion I applied to General Hampton for forty well-mounted and armed men to attack and defeat one of these persistent and adventurous patrol parties that had given us a good deal of trouble. They came up with us at times, and greatly outnumbering us, we had to resort to flight to avoid being killed or captured. They boasted to the citizens that they intended to have us, dead or alive, if we staid in that country, and the sooner we left the better. The men asked for were furnished.

"We hauled down about a half mile of telegraph wire along the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad late in the evening, rolled it into small bundles and carried it six or eight miles, and during the night formed an ambush. We stretched the wire across the road just high enough to catch a man above the saddle and wound it around trees to secure it. This was done at the head of a long cut in the road, and extending it more than a hundred yards back on each side and securing it by wrapping it around the trees, we made the wire very much like a partridge net. If we could get the enemy's cavalry into it we intended to charge down on the troopers and the wire in front would sweep the rider off and let the horse go, which would so excite and confuse them that we could capture them without much fighting.

"During the night some of my men, while scouting along the enemy's picket line, met with Ashby and told him where I was and what I intended to do the next day. He gathered several of his party and just before day he joined us. I was very glad to see him and to have his aid. I had been with him in fights and adventures that tried men's courage, and knew that there was not a braver or more gallant soldier in General Lee's army. I requested him to take charge of the head of our ambuscade and I would take the rear end, where the fight would begin. Our plan was that every man was to remain hidden until I opened the fight, and then all the men were to rush to the front and capture those nearest to them, and in that way we would secure all who got into our net. The next day was Sunday, a bright and beautiful morning. We were on the lookout at an early hour, with vedettes posted some distance out with signals of the enemy's approach. Hour after hour wore away without any sign of their coming. Toward noon two or three scouts from Shadburn's party, who had heard of our intended attack, joined us. They had come from the direction we expected the enemy and saw nothing that indi-

ated a Yankee scout that day. We had begun to despair of any chance that day when one of the vedettes came running in and reported the enemy coming in our direction in strong force.

"I immediately went to an elevated point near by, and with my spy-glass could see quite a column of cavalry riding toward us at a leisurely gait. I returned and told the boys to get into their blinds and lay low until I opened the fight, and then come out and show their hands. On the enemy came, as unconscious as if there was no war. The advance guard of about six men passed into our net laughing and talking, and of course never had the least idea that a deadly snare was set for them in that thick woods on both sides of the road. In a few moments the head of the column came into the snare also. As soon as we got as many as I thought we could manage, I sprang from my hiding place to within ten feet of the head of the column, fired a pistol over their heads and halloed 'Charge!' The Federal column broke in an instant, the rear half flying for dear life. We closed in upon the others, and such a scramble was rarely seen during the entire war.

"The men came out of their blinds promptly and in fine order, shouting at the top of their powerful voices, 'Surrender! Surrender!' and at the same time firing their guns over the heads of the already terrified enemy. The enemy made a grand rush and discovered—as some of the prisoners afterward said—that they were in a wire net and thought that we intended to murder them. They went with such force against the wire that it broke and most of them escaped. The first man who struck it was killed and a number of others were badly hurt, all of whom fell into our hands. In their extreme fright quite a number jumped off of their horses and ran through the woods toward their lines. Many of the horses became riderless and in the excitement ran after their dismounted owners."

Mutiny in Time of War.—It was in September, 1861. The old Fourth Connecticut infantry lay at White Oak Springs, a few miles from Frederick City, Maryland. The regiment was ragged, nearly barefooted, with no pay, and generally discontented and demoralized. There was a doubt in the minds of the men as to whether the United States had accepted them or whether they were still in the service of the State of Connecticut; the general government had neither paid nor clothed them, and the State uniforms which they wore when they left Hartford in May had become unfit for service; there was not a whole pair of trousers in the regiment, and the old green felt blankets were utilized by many as a covering by day as well as by night. Some of the men thought that the regiment ought to go home; that they were out only for three months, and an effort was being made to keep them for three years. The fact was, the regiment was mustered in for three years, but there were men who did not quite understand it, and so the trouble grew; and one morning Captain Lepprell, of Company K, reported to headquarters that his company were standing in the company street with their rifles in their hands, but absolutely refusing to obey his orders.

Lieutenant-Colonel White went over to Company K street, and there stood the men in line, their rifles at order arms, their cartridge boxes on, forty rounds of ball cartridge in each man's box, and their rifles, perhaps, loaded. Colonel White tried his authority, but the men ignored him; oaths and mutterings of discontent were heard from all along the line. Colonel White returned to headquarters satisfied that the authorities had got to deal with an armed and stubborn mutiny.

Captain Kellogg, of Company B, was ordered to get his company into line. "Company B, fall in," was the order next heard, and in a brief space of time Captain Kellogg reported his men in line. Lieutenant-Colonel White then came before Company B and made them a short address, at the close of which he said: "Now, men, you will have an opportunity to show your subordination or insubordination. Any of you men who are not willing and ready to obey any and all orders given by your officers can step two paces to the front." Not a man

moved. Captain Kellogg then took command of the company and they were marched over to Company K street, and halted directly in front of, and about five paces from, Company K, facing them. The situation then was about as follows:

Company K armed with muzzle-loading rifles, not known to the authorities whether loaded or not, the men standing at order arms and having in their cartridge boxes forty rounds of ball cartridge each, and every man stubborn and insubordinate.

Company B, standing at "shoulder arms," armed with Sharp's breech-loading rifles, not loaded, each man with forty rounds of ball cartridge in his cartridge box, and every man subordinate and awaiting orders.

Captain Lepprell, of K Company, then gave the order to his company, "Shoulder arms." Not a man responded to the order; but oaths and threats were heard along the line. Captain Kellogg then assumed command of K Company, and ordered, "Shoulder arms!" Not a man responded. Turning to Company B, Captain Kellogg ordered, "Load for action," and every rifle came down to the position of load, the chamber was thrown open with a click, ball cartridge was inserted in each rifle, the chamber closed, the hammer thrown back to half cock and the next order awaited. It came, "B Company, ready!" and every hammer went up to full-cock.

"Aim!" and every man in Company B looked along his rifle barrel into the very face of his comrade in Company K.

Turning to Company K, Captain Kellogg ordered, "K Company, shoulder arms." Not a man responded.

Drawing out his watch, Captain Kellogg said: "If that order is not obeyed in sixty seconds, there will be no Company K in this regiment;" and every man in both companies knew he meant just what he said.

Thirty seconds passed, and no one in Company K had weakened. It was a thrilling moment; but ere the second hand marked forty-five seconds, the muskets of Company K began to come to a shoulder, and in less than ten seconds more, every man stood at "shoulder arms." The welcome order to B Company was, "Recover arms." If any man has stood at "aim" for a minute, he will know how welcome the order was; but if he has stood at "aim" against his own comrades for a minute, he will know how more than welcome the order "Recover arms" was to Company B.

The next order was to Company K, "Order arms." Every man responded promptly. "Stack arms," and every rifle was stacked instantly. "Two paces to the rear; march," and Company K were disarmed. Company B were ordered to shoulder arms, and were then marched in between Company K and their rifles. Company K were then marched as prisoners to headquarters, where each man's arms were bound with ropes and the whole company were taken off under guard to General Banks' headquarters and turned over to the provost marshal. After several weeks of confinement they were all returned to duty, and in less than six months the old Fourth Connecticut Infantry was transformed into the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, and had become the best drilled, disciplined, clothed, armed and accoutred regiment in the volunteer service. In *morale, esprit de corps*, physique and all characteristics that make up a splendid regiment, it stood in the front rank, and from that time to the end of the war it did most excellent service, winning numerous emblazonries for its colors. Captain Kellogg was afterward promoted to the colonelcy of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, and fell dead pierced with many bullets while leading his regiment in a gallant charge at Cold Harbor.

Stonewall Jackson's Bridge-BUILDER.—A useful man to Stonewall Jackson was old Miles, the Virginia bridge-builder. The bridges were swept away so often by floods or burned by the enemy that Miles was as necessary to the Confederate army as Jackson himself. One day the Union troops had retreated, and burned a bridge across the Shenandoah. Jackson, determined to follow them, summoned Miles.

"You must put all your men on that bridge," said he; "they

must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. My engineer will furnish you with the plan, and you can go right ahead."

Early next morning Jackson, in a very doubtful frame of mind, met the old bridge-builder.

"Well," said the general, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge?"

"General," returned Miles slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the pictur' is or not."

From that time forth General Jackson allowed Miles to build the bridges after his own fashion, without annoying him with "pictur's."

A Woman's Courage at Gettysburg.—Mrs. Peter Thorn, of Gettysburg, lived in the house at the entrance of the borough cemetery. The house was used as headquarters by General O. O. Howard. Mrs. Thorn's husband was away from home at that time (serving in the 148th regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, and stationed in Virginia), leaving her with two quite young children. During the first day of the fight General Howard wanted some one to show him and tell about different roads leading from Gettysburg, and asked a number of men and boys who were in the cellar of the house to go with him and point them out. But these persons were all fearful and refused to go. Then Mrs. Thorn showed her courage and patriotism by voluntarily offering to show the roads. This offer was at first refused by General Howard, who said he did not wish a woman to do what a man had not the courage to do. Mrs. Thorn persisted in her offer, saying: "Somebody must show you, and I can do it; I was born and brought up here, and know the roads as well as anybody." Her offer was accepted, and with the general and his horse between her and the fire of the enemy, Mrs. Thorn went from one spot to another pointing out the different roads. When passing along the line of troops the general was greeted with: "Why do you take a woman for a guide? This is no place for her." "I know it," said the officer, "but I could not get a man to come; they were all afraid." This answer to them started cheers for Mrs. Thorn, which lasted several minutes and showed that our soldiers admired the courage shown at such a time.

Lincoln's Terrible Anxieties.—During these long days of terrible slaughter the face of the President was grave and anxious, and he looked like one who had lost the dearest member of his own family. I recall one evening late in May, when I met the President in his carriage driving slowly toward the Soldiers' Home. He had just parted from one of those long lines of ambulances. The sun was sinking behind the desolate and deserted hills of Virginia; the flags from the forts, hospitals and camps drooped sadly. Arlington, with its white colonnade, looked like what it was—a hospital. Far down the Potomac, toward Mount Vernon, the haze of the evening was gathering over the landscape, and when I met the President his attitude and expression spoke the deepest sadness. He paused as we met, and, pointing his hand toward the wounded men, he said: "Look yonder at those poor fellows. I cannot bear it. This suffering, this loss of life is dreadful." Recalling a letter he had written years before to a suffering friend, whose grief he had sought to console, I reminded him of the incident, and asked him: "Do you remember writing to your sorrowing friend these words: 'And this, too, shall pass away. Never fear. Victory will come?'" "Yes," replied he, "victory will come, but it comes slowly."

His friends and his family, and especially Mrs. Lincoln, watched his careworn and anxious face with the greatest solicitude. She and they sometimes took him from his labors almost in spite of himself. He walked and rode about Washington and its picturesque surroundings. He visited the hospitals, and, with his friends, and in conversation and visits to the theatre, he sought to divert his mind from the pressure upon it. He often rode with Secretary Seward, with Senator

Sumner and others. But his greatest relief was when he was visited by his old Illinois friends, and for a while, by anecdotes and reminiscences of the past, his mind was beguiled from the constant strain upon it. These old friends were sometimes shocked with the change in his appearance. They had known him at his home, and at the courts in Illinois, with a frame of iron and nerves of steel; as a man who hardly knew what illness was, ever genial and sparkling with frolic and fun, nearly always cheery and bright. Now, as the months of the war went on, they saw the wrinkles in his face and forehead deepen slowly into furrows, the laugh of old days was less frequent, and it did not seem to come from the heart. Anxiety, responsibility, care, thought, disasters, defeats, the injustice of friends, wore upon his giant frame, and his nerves of steel became at times irritable. He said one day, with a pathos which language cannot describe: "I feel as though I shall never be glad any more." During these four years he had no respite, no holidays. When others fled away from the heat and dust of the capital, he remained. He would not leave the helm until all danger was passed and the good ship of state had weathered the storm.—*Arnold's Life of Lincoln.*

A Brave Irish Soldier.—The Army of the Potomac, says a writer in *Peck's Sun*, contained no braver or better soldier, no kinder or more pleasant comrade, than genial Ed Leahy, of Company I, Twelfth New York Volunteers. As a forager he was the coolest, most audacious and ready-witted man I ever knew, unless, indeed, I except another Irishman of the same company, named Tim Dwyer.

When McClellan began his celebrated "change of base" which, after seven consecutive days of hard marching and terrible fighting, resulted in the placing of his shattered and exhausted army safe under the guns of our gunboats at Harrison's Landing, on the James River, Leahy, with others of our company, was detailed to guard the "grapevine telegraph" not far from Gaines' Mill.

In the confusion which followed the day's fighting at Mechanicsville, and the retreat from that place, this detail was never relieved or withdrawn, and when, on that disastrous second day of the seven days' fighting, the Fifth Corps, under Porter, was defeated at Gaines' Mill and retreated across the Chickahominy, Stuart's rebel cavalry, sweeping around what had been our right and rear, found them still at their post, where Leahy, who was the non-com. in charge, had persisted in staying until relieved, although they could plainly hear the roar of the progressing battle, and knew that if not soon relieved by our own men they would be by the rebels. Consequently they were not much surprised when, just before night, they found themselves surrounded by the rebel cavalry, and, after firing a few shots, were compelled to surrender.

When called upon to give up their arms, the first to do so was a man named Hitchcock, better known in his company as "Bowels," and as he handed up his gun to one of the rebels he tremblingly said, "You can see that my gun is perfectly clean. I have not fired a shot at you."

"I have, then," quoth indignant Ed as he swung his gun around his head and smashed off the stock against an apple tree, "as many as I could. And if you want my gun there it is, and much good may it do you."

"That's our sort, Yank," answered the cavalryman who had been waiting with outstretched hands to receive the gun. "We hate a coward and I reckon you'll get none the worse treatment among us because you show the true grit. Now fall in right smart and git."

And in five minutes the boys were on their way to long weeks of suffering in the prisons of Libby and Belle Island.

During the time that Leahy was a prisoner on Belle Island, the Confederates were very indignant because persons in the North struck off large quantities of *fac-similes* of their paper money. They considered it an insult to the confederacy that an imitation, a "counterfeit" of their "legal tender," was in

the hands of our children as playthings and curiosities. And when it was learned that our boys in the army were passing large quantities of it on the unsuspecting Southerners for genuine Confederate money, there was a perfect howl of rage, and President Davis issued a proclamation, making it a hanging offense if any of our men were convicted of passing the obnoxious imitation.

Leahy had in some way procured a five-dollar note of this description, and being destitute of other money, he one day purchased with it a watermelon from a vender who had been passed inside the guard.

The melon was a luxury not often obtainable there, and, while the boys were eating it, they congratulated Ed on his having so nicely fooled the melon peddler, though all agreed it might prove a sorry joke after all, if he were found out.

Not many hours had elapsed before it was whispered to Ed that a sergeant and squad of men were searching for the man who had bought a melon with a *fac-simile* Confederate note.

"Bedad," said Ed, assuming for the occasion a strong brogue, "and I'm the lad that'll be after helping to find 'im."

And, after hastily exchanging his blouse with one of the boys for a cavalryman's jacket, he coolly walked up to the sergeant and said, "Is it the man pwhat bo't the melon ye'd be after spakin' wid'?"

"Yes," said the sergeant. "Do you know him?"

"Know him, is it? And I just after ating a big pace of that same? An' the tashte of it still in me mouth? Begorra, I'd be after knowin' him forninst any b'y in this bastely hole. The fine dacent lad that he is."

"All right, my man," said the sergeant. "You just walk around with me and point him out, and I will give you a dollar."

"Throth," said Ed, "an' I'm the b'y that'll do that same," and after a long and diligent search, during which Ed several times pretended to have discovered him, only to discover, on closer inspection, that he was mistaken, he finally decided that he was not to be found, and wound up his complaint at not being able to earn the dollar by asking the sergeant, "An' phwat would yez be after wantin' wid the laddie buck? Is it a furlough ye'd be after givin' 'im?"

"Yes," said the sergeant. "A d—d long one. We meant to hang him for passing counterfeit money, and we will, too, if we find him."

"Howly mither o' Moses," said Ed, as he lifted up his hands in horror not altogether assumed, for he had all the time been aware of his probable fate if found out. "An' is it that yez wanted wid 'im? May the divil fly away wid me if I aint plazed that ye didn't find 'im thin. An' be the powers, I hope yez never will."

And they did not, for the boys all admired Ed's cool courage and kept the secret well. He was soon after exchanged, and came safely back to us not long after the battle of Antietam.

How Sheridan's Ride Looked to a Spectator.—The following account of how "Sheridan's Ride" looked to a spectator at one end of it, writes General James Comley, was copied by Mr. Whitelaw Reid from my private diary lent him for "Ohio in the War," and I know it is true: "Crook was lying a rod or two to our left. Hayes and I were together with our commands. He was badly bruised by his fall when his horse was killed under him, and had several slight wounds beside. He was teasing me and grumbling because we did not advance, instead of waiting for the enemy.

"Suddenly there is a dust in the rear, on the Winchester road, and almost before we are aware, a fiery-looking, impetuous, dashing young man in full major-general's uniform, and riding furiously a magnificent black horse, literally flecked with foam, and no poetic license about it, reins up and springs off by General Crook's side. There is a perfect roar as everybody recognizes Sheridan. He talks with Crook a little while, cutting away at the tops of the weeds with his riding-whip. Gen-

eral Crook speaks half-a-dozen sentences that sound a great deal like the whip, and by that time some of the staff are up. They are sent flying in different directions. Sheridan and Crook lie down and seem to be talking, and all is quiet again except the vicious shells of the different batteries and the roar of artillery along the line. After awhile Colonel [James W.] Forsyth comes down to our front and shouts to the General, "The Nineteenth Corps is closed up, sir." Sheridan jumps up, gives one more cut with his whip, whirls himself around once, jumps on his horse and starts up the line. Just as he starts he says to our men: 'We are going to have a good thing on them now, boys!' It don't sound like Cicero or Daniel Webster, but it doubled the force at our end of the line. [I may say now, that it don't sound even like Buchanan Read.]

"And so he rode off, a long wave of yells rolling up to the right with him. We took our posts, the line moved forward—and the balance of the day is already history."

I suppose there is no necessity for burdening you with a description of our part in the advance, as there is no dispute as to our being there, or as to our place in the line. One incident may be of interest. At one of the pauses in this forward movement our company was delayed by a very high rail fence I (can hardly believe such a fence was left, but it was). Crook was on his horse, and had passed the fence when Hayes climbed up, and, by holding to one of the "stakes" and standing on the "rider," was more elevated than Crook, and could use his glass more effectively. He was able then to give Crook some important information, which I did not hear. But the result was that Hayes mounted his horse and dashed to the front at a headlong gallop, ahead of his infantry. I have learned since that he found Captain Dupont, who was moving down the pike, and under his immediate orders Captain Dupont passed through Middletown at a swinging trot, with his own battery, going to the front. Hayes, being very well mounted, and free to "cut across," got ahead out of sight, and on the eminence near where our camps had been, found General Sheridan entirely alone, using his glass in the most excited manner.

As soon as he saw Hayes he yelled at him: "If I had a battery here we could knock — out of their train and capture all their artillery?" Hayes answered: "All right, general; I've got just what you want, coming as fast as it can!" He galloped back to Dupont, who immediately started all his horses at a gallop, and came down the pike like a whirlwind. The first shell he fired lit in the very midst of a narrow place where the head of the enemy's retreating column had got gorged by attempting to pass too many abreast. General Hayes has described the scene to me vividly, and it is enough to make one get up and give three cheers all alone by himself to think of it as he describes it—shell after shell dropping in the thickest of the throng, drivers cutting traces and scampering out of it, teams, ammunition, caissons and cannons abandoned and left literally piled up by the gorge.

Admiral Porter's Tribute to Grant.—The following extract is from a work entitled "Anecdotes and Reminiscences of the Civil War," by Admiral Porter:

In the history of the world's sieges nothing will be found where more patience was developed, more endurance under privations or more courage shown than by the Union forces at the siege of Vicksburg, while on the part of the besieged it was marked by their great fertility of resource in checking almost every movement of ours, and for the long months of suffering and hardship they underwent.

It belongs of right to General Grant to tell the story of that event, for in no case during the war did he so clearly show his title to be called a great general, nor did he elsewhere so fully exhibit all the qualities which proved him to be a great soldier.

If General Grant had never performed any other military act during the war, the capture of Vicksburg alone, with all the circumstances attending the siege, would have entitled him to the highest renown. He had an enemy to deal with of twice his force, and protected by defenses never surpassed in

the art of war.

I saw, myself, the great strongholds at Sebastopol of the Malakoff tower and the Redan, the day after they were taken by a combined army of 120,000 men; and these strongholds, which have become famous in ballads and story, never in any way compared with the defenses of Vicksburg, which looked as if a thousand Titans had been put to work to make these heights unassailable.

I am told there were fifty-six miles of intrenchments thrown up, one within the other.

The hills above, with their granite rocks standing in defiance, were enough to deter a foe without having intrenchments bristling with cannon and manned by the hardiest troops in the Confederacy.

After it was all over and General Grant could see the conquered city lying at his feet, he could well afford to laugh at his vile traducers, who were doing all they could to hamper him by sending telegrams to the seat of government questioning his fitness for so important a command.

If those who lent themselves to such things could be followed through the war, it would be found that they never made a mark, put them where you would; nor did they achieve any good for the government.

That was a happy Fourth of July when the Confederate flag came down at Vicksburg and the Stars and Stripes went up in its place, while Meade's force at Gettysburg was driving Lee's army back to Richmond tattered and torn.

That day, so glorious in the annals of our history, lost nothing by the two brilliant events which were added to our fame and made it still more dear in the heart of every American.

When the American flag was hoisted on the ramparts of Vicksburg my flagship and every vessel of the fleet steamed up or down to the levee before the city.

We discerned a dust in the distance, and in a few moments General Grant, at the head of nearly all his generals, with their staffs, rode up to the gangway and, dismounting, came on board. That was a happy meeting, with great handshaking and general congratulation.

I opened all my wine lockers, which contained only Catawba on this occasion. It disappeared down the parched throats which had tasted nothing for some time but bad water. Yet it exhilarated that crowd as weak wine never did before.

There was one man there who preserved the same quiet demeanor he always bore, whether in adversity or victory, and that was General Grant.

No one, to see him sitting there with that calm exterior amid all the jollity, and without any staff, would ever have taken him for the great general who had accomplished one of the most stupendous military feats on record.

There was a quiet satisfaction in his face that could not be concealed, but he behaved on that occasion as if nothing of importance had occurred.

General Grant was the only one in that assemblage who did not touch the simple wine offered him; he contented himself with a cigar; and let me say here that this was his habit during all the time he commanded before Vicksburg, also while he commanded before Richmond, though the same detractors who made false representations of him in military matters before Vicksburg misrepresented him also in the matter above alluded to.

The Last Gasp of Lee's Army.—General Sheridan tells a very interesting story about the last campaign against Lee, and the incidents of the surrender. It will be remembered that he headed off Lee at Appomattox Court House, and captured eleven trains of supplies which were waiting for him there. When Lee found out that he had no stores or ammunition for his army, and that his retreat was cut off, he sent a flag of truce, which Custer received and conducted to Sheridan. The two armies lay on their arms waiting for Grant, who was on his way to the front.

In the meantime Sheridan and some of his staff started to

ride over toward Appomattox Court House, when they were fired upon by a regiment of rebels half concealed among some underbrush. The General and his party waved their hats toward the place where the shots came from, and made all sorts of demonstrations to silence the unexpected and mysterious attack, but to no purpose. Finally the Confederate officer who brought the flag and Major Allen, of Sheridan's staff, rode over to see what the matter was.

They found a South Carolina regiment, whose colonel, in a grandiloquent tone, informed them that the war wasn't over, and that he and his regiment did not recognize the authority of General Lee to make terms for peace. "Be Gawd, sir," exclaimed this gallant Johnny, "South Carolinians never surrender!"

The two officers rode back to General Sheridan, who, with his party, had retired under cover, and reported to him the situation. The general called Custer, and told him there was one regiment over in the brush which hadn't got enough of it, and it would be well for him to go over there and "snuff it out." Custer ordered his bugler to sound "forward," and, at the head of a regiment, dashed across the interval which lay between the two armies, which were drawn up in long lines and stood at rest. It was a beautiful Sunday morning—a perfect spring day—and the sight of that regiment, with Custer's long, tawny hair as their banner, dashing at full gallop across the fields, evoked a cheer from both armies.

Meantime Sheridan had reached the court house, where he met General Gordon, recently Senator from Georgia, and General Wilcox, who had been his classmate at West Point, but whom he had not seen for many years. Wilcox has since been Doorkeeper of the United States Senate.

While this party were sitting on the steps of the court house, chatting familiarly over the situation, heavy musketry was heard in the distance. Gordon looked up in anxiety and alarm, and asked one of his aids to ride over in that direction and find out what it meant. "Never you mind, General," said Sheridan. "It's all right. I know what it means. Custer is over there having some fun with a South Carolinian who never surrenders." Gordon insisted upon sending the officer to stop the fight, but before he got there the doughty colonel had presented Custer with a very much battered sword. It was the last gasp of the Army of Northern Virginia.

A Rocket Battery.—The following incident is related by Colonel E. Z. C. Judson ("Ned Buntline"):

In the winter of 1863 an infantry brigade, with Howard's Battery L, Third Artillery, and two battalions of cavalry, the Eleventh Pennsylvania and First New York Mounted Rifles, all under General Wessels, made a reconnoissance out from Suffolk, Va., on the Franklin road.

The mud was hub deep to the gun carriages, and they had to double teams to get the guns along at all. The infantry spreading through the fields off the roads got along a little better; but it was hard marching and growlers were in the majority. About ten or twelve miles out the cavalry drove into a rebel picket ahead of us, and soon after we were checked by a heavy battle line of the men in gray.

The brigade was at once deployed and skirmishers were thrown out to feel the enemy while we waited for the guns to come up. They were far in the rear and there was no telling when they could be got to the front.

Suddenly from a little knoll in front of the rebel position a rocket battery, a recent importation on an English blockade-runner, opened sharp upon us. The huge rockets tearing and hissing through the trees and underbrush scared the cavalry horses fearfully, and the men were scared about as badly. Not one in a hundred of them had ever seen a rocket, except such as are used in fireworks, and the horrible missiles appeared worse than they really were.

The writer had seen Congreve rockets used to repel a Seminole attack on Fort Dallas, near Key Biscayne, in 1839, and

probably he was about the only one in the command who knew what such a battery could do. General Wessels was furious. We could only reply to the rockets with musketry. A deep stream and a muddy flat ahead of us made a cavalry charge next to impossible, and the infernal rockets were literally demoralizing the men.

Suddenly an old sergeant, who sat in his saddle at the head of twenty mounted scouts, rode up to General Wessels, saluted, and said :

"General, if you let me try it I think I can get in on the flank of that rocket battery under cover of these woods and take it, if you'll keep up a fire in front till I charge, and then support me by a forward movement."

"Try it, sergeant; try it!" said the general earnestly.

In a minute the mounted scouts filed off to the rear, led by the sergeant, and were soon out of sight. The whole line now opened a heavy fire, and the men in the rocket battery had a shower of lead sent in among them at long range, to which they answered as fast as they could work their rockets. Twenty minutes passed by, and then, through his glass, General Wessels saw the scouts in the edge of the woods, not 300 yards from the rear of the battery, ready to charge, every man with his rifle at present.

The next instant, as swift as a flight of arrows, they were seen plunging forward over dry ground upon the rocketmen, and at the same instant, ceasing to fire, Wessels ordered his whole line forward with the bayonet.

The surprise was so sudden and complete that the battery and the men who worked it were in the hands of the scouts in less than a minute, and with a cheer our whole line crossed the creek and held dry ground on the other side with the captured battery in their midst. The Confederates were driven back nearly half a mile before they rallied and made it so hot for us that we had to slow up and skirmish while our guns were coming forward.

We had the rocket battery now, but none of our officers or men knew how to work it to advantage, so we could not use it on the enemy. We had to keep peppering away with rifles and muskets till near night, and then our guns were up. The Confederates then fell back to their fortified lines near Franklin, and we drew off and returned to Suffolk, pretty well worn out with Virginia mud.

And that is the brief history of the only rocket battery I ever fell in with from '61 to '65. It was rough, but not half so dangerous as it seemed, for it could not be handled like shot and shell and sent where it could do the most harm.

Leaping from a Train.—Twenty years ago, writes Mr. J. Madison Drake, a thrilling incident occurred in the history of the writer, who at that time was a prisoner of war at Charleston, S. C. On the 6th of October, 1864, with 600 companions in misery, among them Captain Seth B. Ryder, of Elizabeth, N. J., I was *in transitu* to Columbia, the capital of the Palmetto State, being conveyed thither on a train of rickety freight cars. I had been an unwilling inmate of half a dozen prison pens for months, every attempt I had made to secure my freedom having been thwarted. Four of us studied a piece of map the night previous to setting out on this journey, and it was at a late hour that we laid ourselves down to snatch a few hours' rest. As we left the jailyard and adjoining hospital building on that bright October morning, my feelings were already "fancy free." The streets through which we silently marched on our way to the depot were as silent as the grave. Myself and three comrades—Captains Todd, Grant and Lewis—managed to take passage in the car next the "caboose," which was filled with the reserve guard, in order to evade the shots which would have been fired at us as the train passed had we jumped from a forward car. We concluded that when we reached *terra firma* the train would be some distance beyond us, and that we should be comparatively safe, and such proved to be the case. We lost no

time in cultivating the acquaintance of the Confederate sergeant and his six armed guards. We distorted the truth fearfully during our brief acquaintance with these guards, in return for which they allowed my three companions to sit in the open doorway with their feet dangling outside. By sitting upon the car-floor and watching my opportunity, I was enabled to remove the percussion caps from the rifles of our unsuspecting guardians; of course this was only accomplished after vexatious delays. The removal of the last cap increased our courage and our determination to jump from the car the moment the train reached the north side of the Congaree River. We hoped for the best, and anxiously awaited the moment fraught with so much interest. The old puffing, wheezing, wood-burning locomotive was proceeding at an astonishing pace after crossing the river, and the moment for which we had been so long looking had arrived, but our hitherto buoyant hearts now almost failed us. It will not do to falter—another minute and our best opportunity will be gone—our only hope have fled. Death may await the leap which we must take, but even that was preferable to the agonizing life we were compelled to lead. The instant that Todd, a gallant Scot, upon whom we each had our eyes constantly fixed, gave the long-looked-for signal, we sprang simultaneously from the swift-moving train, and for the time, at least, were free! We had no leisure to reflect upon the terrors of our new situation. The repeated discharges of the rifles in the hands of the reserve on the last car admonished us that if we would have perfect freedom much still remained to be accomplished. But I will not here narrate how, for forty-nine long and weary days, we tramped through the swamps of South Carolina and over the snow-crested mountains of North Carolina, and finally, after passing through a thousand dangers, reached in safety the beautiful and historic city of Knoxville, having accomplished a march of over one thousand miles.

A Soldier's Bright Idea.—One day soon after Pope's defeat at second Bull Run and Chantilly, a private soldier belonging to an Ohio regiment sought an interview with his captain, and announced that he had a plan for a military campaign which must certainly result in crushing out the rebellion. The officer very naturally inquired for particulars, but the soldier refused to reveal them, and asked for a chance to lay his plans before Pope himself. After some delay he was given a pass to headquarters. He did not get to see Pope, but after the chief of staff had coaxed and promised and threatened for a quarter of an hour the Buckeye stood up and replied :

"Well, sir, my plan is for John Pope and Bob Lee to swap commands, and if we don't lick the South inside of sixty days you may shoot me for a patent hay-fork swindler!"

When he returned to camp he was naturally asked what success he met with, and ruefully replied :

"Well, they had a plan of their own."

"What was it?"

"Why, they took me out and booted me for about a mile and a half!"

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